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labor by night for the glory of France. It only seems to me that you have given too wearied an expression to my eyes. This is a mistake, my good friend. Working by night never tires me; rather, on the contrary, does it refresh me. My complexion is never more clear than when I have sat up all night. But for whom is this portrait intended?" he inquired with an air of curiosity. "Who has bespoken it? It is not I."

"Sire, it is destined for the Marquis of Douglas."

On hearing this name, the Emperor started; and knitting his brows, cried out, "What, David, is it for an Englishman?"

"Sire, it is for one of your majesty's most ardent admirers."

"Indeed," said Napoleon, drily; "I believe no such thing."

"For the man who knows best how to appreciate French artists."

"Next to me, sir, I presume," interrupted Napoleon, still more drily and brusquely than before.

"David," resumed he in a calmer tone, "I purchase this portrait from you."

"Sire, it is already sold."

"David," rejoined the Emperor, "that portrait shall be mine: I give you thirty thousand francs for it."

"Sire, I cannot yield it to your majesty; it is already paid for."

The Emperor, growing each moment more excited, said to the artist, "David, I will not suffer this portrait to be sent into England. Do you understand me? It shall not go! I will return this marquis of yours his money."

"Sire," stammered out David, "your majesty would not wish to dishonor me?"

On hearing these words, the Emperor grew pallid with rage, and his lips quivered with emotion. "No, certainly. I would not so, even if it were in my power: but I am equally resolved that those who glory in being the enemies of France, shall never boast of having me in their power—not even in effigy! They shall not have this picture, I tell you! And at the same moment Napoleon raised his foot, and kicked the painting so furiously, that he broke through the canvas, repeating at the same time in an exasperated tone, "Never shall they have it!"

So saying, he instantly left the apartment, leaving every one behind him stupefied and terrified by the violence of his conduct.

Two days after this scene, David was commanded to attend the Emperor's breakfast-table. As soon as Napoleon saw him appear, he arose from his seat, and hastened forward to meet him, took hold of his hand, and silently pressed it within his own. David, who understood his sovereign's thought, only replied by raising the august hand to his lips.

"My dear David, assure me that you are not offended with me," said he, in an undertone, which almost trembled with emotion.

"Ah, sire," were the only words the artist had power to pronounce. In a few minutes they were both calm enough to converse as usual, and Napoleon named to him some plans he had conceived; among others, he proposed forming a gallery of all David's works.

"Italy," said he, "possesses galleries of Raphael and Michael Angelo; France shall owe to me the gallery of David."

After expressing his thanks for this compliment, David replied to the Emperor—"Sire, I fear it would be impossible to form this collection. My works are too much dispersed, and belong to amateurs who are too wealthy to give them up. For instance, I know that Monsieur Trudaine, who possesses my 'Death of Socrates,' sets a very high value on it."

"We will obtain it by covering it with gold. How much did he pay you for it?"

"Twenty thousand francs, sire."

"Offer him forty thousand for it; and, if necessary, give two hundred thousand francs. Here is an order for the amount."

This picture had originally been bespoken at 12,000 francs; but M. Trudaine had paid 20,000,

to mark his admiration of the work. The proprietor refused the offer of 40,000 francs: a second of 60,000 was equally unsuccessful.

"Your refusal is very flattering to me," observed David; "but I hope to prevail on you to part with it, for I have the Emperor's orders to go as far as two hundred thousand francs."

"I refuse them," said M. Trudaine coldly; "and beg you may acquaint the Emperor respectfully that I esteem your work far too highly to give it up on any terms—not even if two millions were offered to me. Besides, if I were to make a sacrifice of this picture to his majesty, it should be a gratuitous one; but I cannot part with it."

David acquainted Napoleon with the ill success of his mission. The Emperor, with that irresistible tone and manner peculiar to himself, said—"Pray tell him that he will confer a favor on me by yielding to me your 'Socrates' for three hundred thousand francs."

"Sire," replied David timidly, "I am certain that he will refuse me."

"He will refuse, do you say?" inquired Napoleon angrily. "Then tell him," he exclaimed in a loud imperious tone, and starting from his seat—"tell him I will have it!"

And these words were accompanied by a proud determined gesture, which it is impossible to describe.

"Then," repeated David in his turn, like a man of spirit, and with the dignity of a great artist, "he also will say that he will not let you have it; for this picture is his property, and he has a right to dispose of it."

The painter, bowing, was about to withdraw, when Napoleon, laying his hand upon his arm, and passing his other hand hastily across his brow, as if to efface some disagreeable impression, said to him gently—"It is true, my friend, I was in the wrong: and I thank you for having reminded me that I, above all others, ought to respect property. But I was too anxious to have all your *chefs-d'œuvre* in my museum. Adieu, David, and let us both forget what has now passed."

The following day David received the brevet of commander of the Legion of Honor, with the title of Baron of the Empire, and took the arms appointed to him by Napoleon: a pale of sable on a shield of gold, with the arms of Horace holding the three swords destined for his sons.

Amidst all this glory—laden with honors by Napoleon, his protector and his friend; the object of unbounded admiration to his countrymen—David fell beneath the same stroke which laid his imperial master low. He bade an unwilling adieu to his country; and went to end his days upon a foreign soil. A refugee at Brussels, he could discern from his place of exile the new limits imposed upon his country, and by a happy illusion of imagination, still suppose himself the inhabitant of that *belle France* to whose national glory he had contributed. Napoleon was far less fortunate than his exiled *protégé* in the closing years of his life.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

BY MISS KATE FIELDS.

It is somewhat strange that the quotation from Joanna Baillie's "Jane de Montfort," with which Campbell sketched a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, should answer almost equally well for a description of the great Italian's stage appearance.

"Lady. How looks her countenance?"

"Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble;

I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled, Methought I could have compassed sea and land To do her bidding.

"Lady. Is she young or old?"

"Page. Neither, if I right guess; but she is fair. For Time has laid his hand so gently on her, As he too had been awed.

"Lady. The foolish stripling!"

She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature? "Page. So stately and so graceful in her form, I thought at first her stature was gigantic; But on a near approach I found in truth She scarcely does surpass the middle size."

Ristori the woman, however, is as unlike Ristori the artist, as her real character differs from that of Elisabetta or Medea. If we may credit the assertions of biography and tradition, Mrs. Siddons was always, though unintentionally, more or less of a tragedy queen. She "stabbed the potatoes," astounded shopkeepers by the majesty with which she inquired whether material for clothing would wash, and frightened her dressing-maid by the sepulchral intensity of her exclamations. The awe which Ristori frequently excites is confined entirely to the theatre. Away from it she is the most human—and humane—the most simple, the most unaffected, the most sympathetic of women. So strongly is the line drawn between reality and fiction, that in Ristori's presence it requires a mental effort to recall her histrionic greatness, though you have a sense of her power, and you feel persuaded that whatever such a woman earnestly willed would be accomplished.

The large friendliness in Ristori's nature creates a fellow-feeling, making you wondrous kind toward your own personality, and razing those barriers with which genius often surrounds itself. To excite love as well as admiration is not always in the power of greatness. There is frequently an intolerance of manner, an assertion of superiority, a species of intellectual scorn for the dead level of humanity, that preclude the possibility of sympathy. Yet there is no surer test of grandeur of character than a readiness to acknowledge and respect the individuality of all God's creatures. This is the crowning grace that brings Ristori so near to the hearts of her friends. Her social ease makes you wonder how she can ever be transformed into the classic statue of Mirra. Rachel was so complete a Pagan princess—"Elle pose toujours," said her best friends—that she never succeeded in being herself. Both she and Siddons were first artists, and then women. Ristori is first a woman, and then an artist. Which is more satisfactory to the world admits of argument, but for ourselves we believe it better to step from nature to art than from art to nature. In acting, the common should precede the uncommon; one must be a creature of every day, and walk upon the earth, in order to be a complete master of the heart. It is not enough that an actor know how to wear a toga. To live in his own age, and love and laugh with his contemporaries, is as necessary as to suffer, hate, and murder after the fashion of the past.

It is not often that Nature does her work equally. She gives us beauty without wit, and then again wit without beauty. She fashions a distorted mouth, and demands that a fine eye make amends for all short-comings. She places a beautiful head on a diminutive, unattractive body, as in the case of Junius Brutus Booth. She gave the erratic Edmund Kean a bad voice, and breathed a Greek fire into the fragile form of Rachel. Garrick was too short, and Salvini, though handsome, is too stout. But Nature favored the Kembles, and was again in her best mood when she created Adelaide Ristori. She gave her height to command, and added a bearing that would benefit the ideal queen. Cast in the large mould of the Venus of Milo, Ristori's figure is finely proportioned, while the modelling of her throat is a study for a Michael Angelo. Her hand has no claim to beauty, but makes up in expression what it lacks in symmetry. Her head is not the Greek classic, but rather belongs to the type of the Madonna, for whom she has so often been the model. Her face is oval, her features regular, her nose perfectly Roman, her teeth beautiful, and her mouth and chin very fine. Her ear is small and shell-like, and her hair dark brown. Her eyes are that most enviable of all colors, dark gray—enviable for the reason that it may be everything, by turns and nothing long—black, or even blue,

according to the passion of the moment. We never saw an eye that was capable of such varied emotion—and in fact, for mobility of feature Ristori stands alone. It is said of Talma, that he had only to pass his hand over his face to alternate "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Ristori needs the interposition of no such veil to undergo the most wonderful facial transformation. Her walk also is most admirable. It is no stilted strut, no conventional stride—it is the tread of majesty.

Although Ristori's poses are often very beautiful, they are more frequently striking than purely statuesque, and occasionally there is just enough angularity of movement to prevent her being accorded perfect grace. Nor, in spite of fine physical attributes, do we now claim for her the great beauty she once possessed. A few years ago, Ristori's appearance was alone sufficient to excite the greatest enthusiasm. Passion, not time, has wrought a change. No one can possess her temperament without intensity of feeling, and emotion leaves its ineffaceable mark. A woman who from childhood has fought the world single-handed, and has lived half her life in depicting the terrible sufferings of a Marie Stuart, a Juliet, a Mirra, and a Francesca da Rimini, is doomed to pay the penalty of genius—and heart, for Ristori not only depicts, but *becomes*, each character. With her nothing is a cool calculation. Her quick impulses constitute her greatness. Surrounded by such cares and vexations as would thoroughly absorb almost any other human being, we have seen her, at a suggestion, forget the present, live for the moment, and with the greatest animation in the subject of her narration, at its conclusion as quickly return to the disagreeable realities confronting her, and then rush on the stage to astonish people by her acting. It is this impulse, too, which renders her recitations so fine. In a drawing-room, where the liveliest imagination cannot conjure up the shadow of an allusion, in the lecture room before an audience ignorant of her language and of most stolid aspect, Ristori sees nothing but her art, and by her own enthusiasm creates life under the ribs of death. Sensitive to moral atmospheres, she yet depends entirely upon her character for inspiration. Being outside of herself, applause is not a necessity. This is the secret of her success in countries where Italian is no more intelligible than Greek. Moreover, with all her sense of humor, her nature is thoroughly earnest. She takes life seriously. We never saw a person who put more conscience into work, whether of much or of little import. "Everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is the first article of her creed, and is illustrated as forcibly in the packing of a trunk as in the death-scene of Elizabeth.

Though the brilliant bloom of her girlhood has yielded to the more interesting beauty of expression, first youth seems to have left Ristori's face only to linger the more lovingly in her voice. That "excellent thing in woman" is, in Ristori, an organ so wonderfully melodious that the ear delights in its music even when no sense is conveyed to the mind. There is not a note in the register of human passion, but is richly rounded, and bursts forth grandly at the will of the artist. Italian from Ristori's mouth is the ideal of harmony, and Dante is twice Dante when he finds in her an interpreter. Listening as she tells the story of Francesca da Rimini, we see Francesca's soul, and hear her heart-broken wail as Ristori sighs forth,

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

In according to Ristori the highest order of dramatic genius, we merely allow what has long since been decided beyond appeal by the critical tribunals of France, Italy, Germany, England, and Spain. For the New World, therefore, to cry, *Brava!* is to make no discovery: we crown a long-acknowledged queen. America may make fortune, but cannot make fame, for an artist; and it will be many a year ere cultivated Europe lis-

tens respectfully to our verdict in art. Those will be "time-hetting days" when our intellectual equals our moral conscience, and public opinion is founded upon principle. To-day, our criticism is, for the most part, either actuated by sentiment or prejudice; and in the absence of real appreciation, we have made Ristori's advent in America the signal for a dramatic feud, the public arraying itself, according to feeling, under one of two standards—the name of Rachel being opposed to that of her Italian rival. Is this criticism? Is this love of the drama? "We are, in truth, great children," wrote Jules Janin some years ago. "When we have amused ourselves for some time with a pretty plaything, if another one is given to us we immediately forget the first. It is fortunate if we do not break it by striking on it with the new one. We had a beautiful tragic toy, Mme. Rachel. The Italians show us another, Ristori. *Crac!* Here we are about to smash Rachel with Ristori, as if the dramatic art were not vast enough to afford two places of honor to two women of different kinds of talent, yet equal in their sublimity."

It is miserable warfare. He who most truly appreciated the greatness of Rachel will be the first to proclaim that of Ristori, and he who compares the one with the other is simply attempting to make black white. There can be no parallel between things that are in themselves unlike. Rachel and Ristori fill different niches in the great dramatic Pantheon, and receive different offerings. We do not cavil because Phidias was a sculptor, and Apelles a painter, and demand that the one should have been the other. Rachel was a Phidias; Ristori's genius is rather that of an Apelles. It seems to us that in what she made the study of her life Rachel as clearly approached perfection as humanity may. Now, however, that death has thrown its romance and illusion around *la grande tragedienne*, it is insisted by her worshippers that their idol could do no wrong. Yet Rachel living was open to criticism; Rachel dead is no less vulnerable. Madame Waldor, a French writer, said of her, years ago, "That little girl has received of Heaven a great gift, but with it she has neither heart nor brains." That she had little heart was fully proved by her extraordinary career; that she was endowed with a great gift is undeniable. Devoid of heart, an actress is devoid of human sympathy, without which genius is confined to narrow limits. It may be unequalled within those boundaries; beyond them it falls to the level of mediocrity. In *Horace*, *Phedre*, *Cinna*, *Andromaque*, *Tancrède*, *Iphigénie en Aulide*, *Mithridate*, and *Bajazet*, Rachel reigned supreme. All these characters were within the compass of her gift, and woe be to the actress who now attempts these rôles.

Educated in the best and only school of dramatic art, with Sanson always at her side, it was impossible for Rachel to acquire mannerisms or faults of style. From the first, she assumed those characters for which she was intended by nature; and although, in memory of *Phedre*, we are tempted to declare that Rachel could alone interpret Racine, yet it would be absurd to maintain that the actress properly interpreted all the works of her master. Such of Racine's heroines as are ruled by the softer emotions, or by principle, had no breath of life breathed into them by Rachel. A Jewess, she nevertheless failed in Esther, a womanly woman not being dreamt of in her philosophy; nor was she more successful in *Bérénice*, where duty is the key-note of character. Corneille also at times exceeded Rachel's powers, the religious element in *Polyeucte* defying her, and the Chimene of his *Cid* being an acknowledged misconception. In the romantic drama Rachel was not at ease, although she is still remembered as Marie Stuart, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and Tisbe, the Actress of Padua. Apart from her exquisite dressing, Rachel, measured by herself, was a disappointment in the last-named play. Her Marie Stuart was not comparable with Ristori's. She hated superbly in the third act, but she hated as a fiend, not as the Queen of Scots, and was too good a Pagan to be a true Catholic in the final

scene. "Chez l'une il y a de la hauteur, chez l'autre, l'élévation," is the verdict of an able French writer. Adrienne Lecouvreur was written for Rachel, but according to her biographer, "it was certainly more as a pretty woman than as a finished *artiste* that she won admiration in her rendering of Adrienne's character." Of the other seven or eight characters created by Rachel, Madame de Girardin's Lady Tartuffe was the only one that succeeded in running the gauntlet of Parisian criticism.

Mme. Waldor's charge of want of brains seems hardly credible, yet Rachel's ignorance of matters in which it was her business to be well informed furnishes food for much wonderment, and no little doubt. Prominent was her painful obliquity in judging of dramatic literature, pure whim being the only apparent motive which led her to accept or reject plays. Neither were her costumes always in character, her first dress in Marie Stuart being regal in brilliancy, notwithstanding that the Queen of Scots is imprisoned and intentionally deprived by Elizabeth of every article of luxury, even to a looking-glass! So unenlightened was Rachel on the subject of her heroine, that after her debut in Le Brun's fearful version of Schiller's drama, a good friend thought fit to present the counterleit Stuart with a history of Scotland; yet the extraordinary dressing continued unto the end, for Rachel was vain.

Naturally content with the beauty of her Greek head, it was some time before she could be persuaded to wear a wig in "Adrienne Lecouvreur;" and her only objection to Mme. de Girardin's very objectionable play of "Cleopatra" was that the author should have given her lover the plebeian name of Antony. Again, in attempting comedy Rachel showed an extraordinary mental hallucination, if not weakness. We are told that she was never so happy as when arrayed for Moliere's *soubrettes*, in which she made a complete *fiasco*. At the Odeon, in 1844, "she sorely tried the patience of the spectators" by her rendering of Dorine in Tartuffe; but, not persuaded of her inability to excel Mademoiselle Mars, she once more attempted Moliere, undertaking the role of Celimène in "Le Misanthrope" before a London audience. Even England refused to nod approval.

But Rachel's limitations do not render her the less a genius in her own sphere; on the contrary, concentration of force brings with it increase of power, nor is it probably an exaggeration to state that the world will never look upon her like again. There is always a supply for every demand, but in the economy of nature there is no waste of matter or spirit; and though the stage requires great actresses, it does not ask for Rachels, for the very good reason that the classical drama is dead. Once France believed in it; once France demanded that there should be no other school, and made grimaces before the mirror which Shakespeare held up to nature. Those "superannuated prejudices" died with Talma. In spite of beauty and smoothness of language, the classical drama of France is a base imitation, a degenerate echo of former ages, antiquity in court clothes, Greece without her soul. France at last realizes that the masters of her idiom, whose spirit is utterly opposed to her awakened genius, are not masters of a national drama.

After the death of Mademoiselle Duchesnoir, a famous *Phedre*, Racine and Corneille became the *bêtes noires* of theatre-loving Parisians, who, at the rising of the star, Rachel, spent their enthusiasm upon manner, not matter. The actress was an incarnation: this they could understand and appreciate. Rachel galvanized a corpse, and seems to have been born into the world that the setting sun of the classical drama might be glorious and brilliant. We think, therefore, that there will be no more Rachels; we feel that, if the romantic dramatic is to live, there must be other Ristoris.

(To be Continued.)

F. Hiller was immensely *feted* in Berlin on a recent visit, both as composer and pianist.